

PEOPLE and THINGS: By ATTICUS

DESPITE Mr. Stassen's efforts in Washington last week it still looks as though a ton of political dynamite will be needed to prevent Mr. Nixon winning the Republican Vice-Presidential nomination. In the Democratic Party, however, the race for the second place on the national ticket is still wide open. At the moment the leading candidate seems to be Senator John Kennedy of Massachusetts, the son of the former American Ambassador, Joseph Kennedy.

The Democratic strategists are searching for a forceful young Roman Catholic from an important marginal State. John Kennedy fills every quali-



SENATOR KENNEDY

fication—although the fact that he studied at the London School of Economics must surely count against him.

During his campaign for the Senate in 1952 he had the enthusiastic support of three of his beautiful sisters—*en masse* the Kennedys are probably the handsomest family in America—who travelled manfully up and down the State giving tea parties for the electorate.

I, myself, once saw the

Kennedy sisters arrayed on a public platform. The effect was memorable, but decidedly non-political.

The Grahams Greene

THERE are conflicting reports about the fate of Mr. Graham Greene in Assam. One despatch says that he has been killed within half an hour of his release from the local prison. Another report says that he was rearrested there after trying to flee from the authorities.

I wonder if this particular Graham Greene is the same peripatetic gentleman whose reported career has included a brush with the Paris police? "He has been in my hair for a long time," Graham Greene, the author, tells me, "recently I got a letter from a French editor asking me to do a piece for him, and complimenting me on my tennis game. I haven't played tennis since I left school."

"When I was in Paris a girl kept ringing me up. We finally met in a bar in Rome and it turned out that she had come across this other Greene chap in Arabia."

Now the writing Greene is considering a flying visit to Assam to discover the fate and the facts of his namesake.

Kenya Special

BEFORE the war Mr. John Prendergast, a tall, deliberate Irishman who could easily understudy Gary Cooper in cowboy films, was an assistant clerk on the Middlesex County Council. Now he runs the Special Branch department of the Kenya Police and has just received the George Medal for the part he played in organising the last abortive surrender talks with Mau Mau terrorists in the Aberdare forest.

His career supports his thesis that senior Special Branch officers need a firm grounding in intelligence procedure more than local knowledge. After a wartime foray with M.I.5, John Prendergast joined the intelligence section of the anti-terrorist campaign

in Palestine. From Port Said he moved on to take command of the Special Branch in the Gold Coast, and during the last two years he has built his Kenya unit into a model force. "The last few months have been interesting," he tells me, "but the next phase in East

Africa should be fascinating. I hope that he is bored.

Drugs and Spiders

WHEN Sir Weldon Dalrymple-Champneys retires as Deputy Chief Medical Officer at the Ministry of Health on Tuesday he will have held the post for sixteen years—a

modern record, I believe, for permanence in the upper echelons of the Civil Service.

Since 1940 he has been in charge of medical drugs, a task which has grown steadily more complex with the proliferation of antibiotics.

Apart from his pharmaceutical enthusiasms, Sir Weldon has a curious affection for snakes and spiders—he took the first slow-motion films of snakes striking—and once encouraged an infant button spider, one of the most deadly species alive, to bite his arm. The result was exceptionally painful, but his Guardee-bearing and youthful face baffle the permanence of that particular poison.

There is medicine as well as venom in Sir Weldon's blood. His father was one of the prime founders of modern midwifery and a great-aunt, Julia Cameron, was an early enthusiast for vaccination. During one smallpox epidemic she was visiting her friend Lord Tennyson. He retreated to his turret study, but Mrs. Cameron advanced to the foot of the stairs. "Alfred," she called, "come down here and be vaccinated. Alfred, you're a coward, come down at once." Alfred did.

Skiing to Norway

PLANS are being made, I hear, for an Anglo-Norwegian water ski-ing race from Aberdeen to Bergen—360 miles straight across the North Skt. Einar Bernsager, the director of Norwegian ski-ing, now has three members of his last Olympic squad in training.

Our team, which is led by Richard Sparrow and Alan Crompton, could not start tomorrow—if only there was a suitable boat to tow it. Where can our skiers find a boat fast enough and large enough to give them some protection from a twenty-five foot swell? In desperation the team has been making an unofficial approach to the Royal Navy and their mentor, Sir Wavell Wakefield, has been going from Sea Lord to Sea Lord trying to borrow one of R.M. ships. So far he has been offered encouragement but no MTBs—and now the British team must wait for their rivals.

Leaves a bloodstain on your Memory . . . The Princess in the Tower—smothered to death by Richard III . . . Buckingham—killed when treachery triumphed—by Richard III . . . Lady Anne—wood across her husband's coffin—by Richard III . . . Clarence drowned in a butt of wine—by Richard III . . . Hastings—executed for treason he did not commit—by Richard III . . . One man—twisted in mind and body—brought death to all who stood in his way.

Steichen's Show

WHEN Edward Steichen first began to assemble the "Family of Man" photographic exhibition, which opens at the Festival Hall on Thursday, he set himself a high standard. "It was conceived as a mirror of the universal elements and emotions in the everydayness of life.

The Family of Man has been created in a passionate spirit of devoted love and faith in man." In fact the result matches his own high-flown words, and this stimulating collection is the grand climax of an exceptional career.

As the ruggedly individualistic son of a Michigan copper-miner he first went to work seventy-one years ago as a greengrocer's delivery boy. Since those days he has been an advertising draughtsman, a painter of some distinction, a



EDWARD STEICHEN

noted breeder of dolphins, and the world's highest paid photographer—in the days when "inflation" was an academic term he was paid as much as \$5,000 for one picture. He has been a lone restless wolf driven on by his own creative fire, now it is slightly ironic to find that his greatest single achievement should be the selection and assembly of other men's work.

Horror-Monger of Aeon

SOME curious bits of literature have been perpetrated in the name of film advertising, but I unhesitatingly award a rotten laurel wreath to the leaflet now being used to advertise Sir Laurence Olivier's "Richard III." I reproduce the text.

Leaves a bloodstain on your Memory . . . The Princess in the Tower—smothered to death by Richard III . . . Buckingham—killed when treachery triumphed—by Richard III . . . Lady Anne—wood across her husband's coffin—by Richard III . . . Clarence drowned in a butt of wine—by Richard III . . . Hastings—executed for treason he did not commit—by Richard III . . . One man—twisted in mind and body—brought death to all who stood in his way.

As an added attraction there is a jolly little picture of each atrocity. This is the first attempt that I know of to sell Shakespeare (whose name can be found only with a microscope) to the horror comic public.